



I Goodbye, Fluffy!



Friendship stands out from other events for its purity; finding a friend is as difficult as a needle in a haystack; we must jealously protect it as a unique treasure.

This book is the box where I keep the memory of my friend, a chubby kitten, who offered me his company in the first years of my life.

Come closer and open this book. I promise you a time of fun, joy and reflection.

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Edited by:

Editorial Vulpes

Published by:

Independently Published

ISBN: 9798833561157



To Karla Ayleen Cruz Santiago

Verónica Santiago Benítez

¡Goodbye,
Fluffy!





My name is Ayleen, but my parents affectionately call me Bibín. I am 8 years old, I like reading adventure books, dreaming of imaginary characters, I am happy, kind, brave and sensitive.

My kitten is called Fluffy. He is my friend, he accompanies me and plays with me. He is gray, his eyes are green, he is quick to catch mice, he lands on his feet when he gets down from the tree in the garden of my house and he is as chubby as a cushion.



I am going to tell you the story of my cat Fluffy, who was by my side and gave my heart a lot of joy:

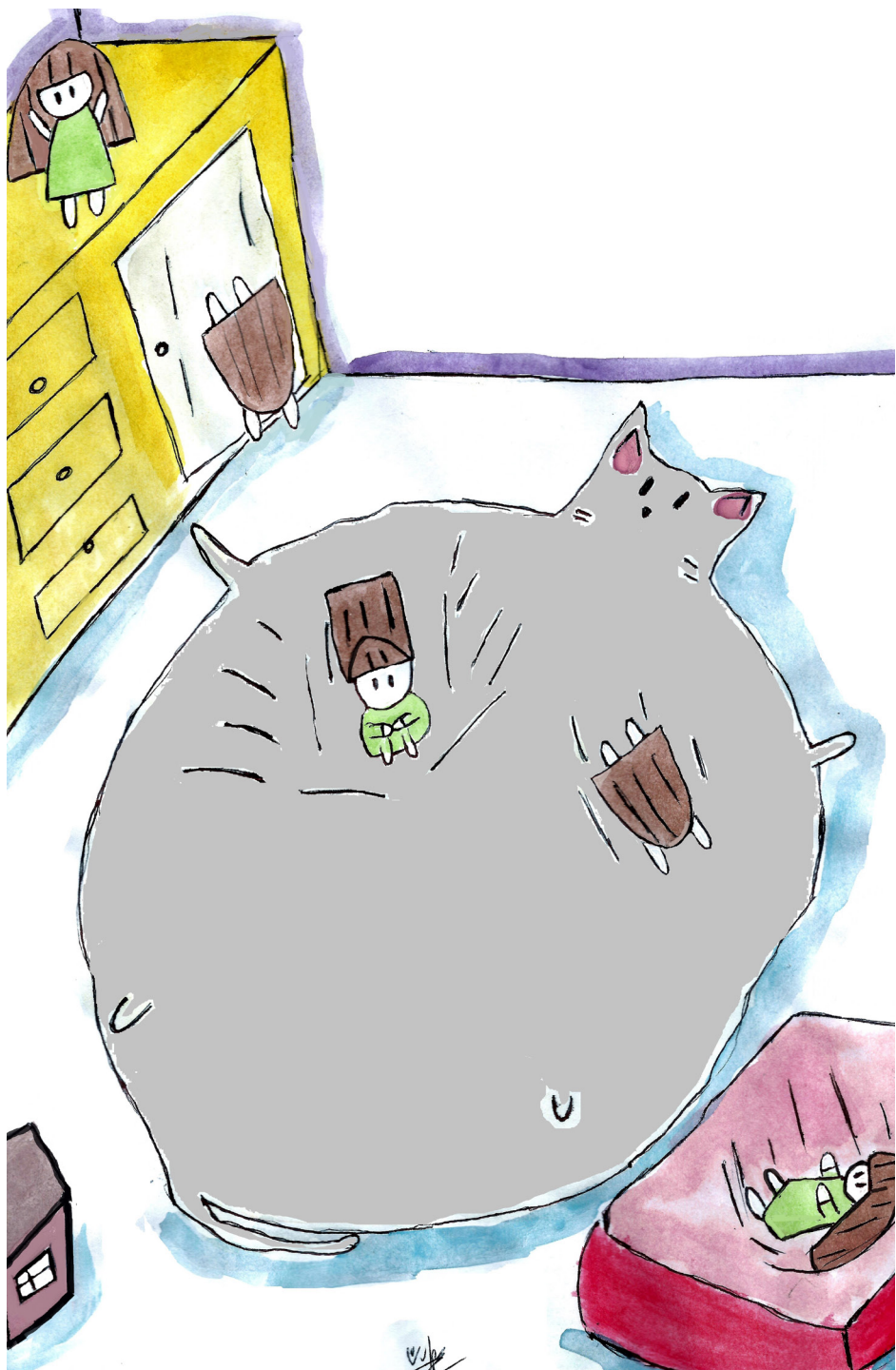
It was bedtime and my mom went up to the room to say goodnight:

-Rest my love! I love you! - she told me.
-I love you mama! May you rest! – she told me.

While my mother closed the door of the room, she turned to see Fluffy lying on his round bed and said good night:

“Rest, Fluffy! I love you”.





I really enjoyed my kitten Fluffy and the pleasant moments at his side. I wrote verses like these:

I love him, because he plays with me
at the little kitchen.

I love him, because he plays house
with me.

I love him, because he plays with
mom's ball of yarn and makes me
laugh.

I love him, because when I sleep, he
closes his paws on me, and makes
me louse.

I love him, because I can tell him
everything that happens to me at
school.

I love him, because I like to make
his bed comfortable and watch him
sleep.

I love him, even if it steals my food
from the plate.

I love him, even if he scratches my
reading chair to sharpen his claws.

I love him, even if he leaves his hair
on my blankets and clothes.

I love him, even if he sleeps a lot and
I want to play.

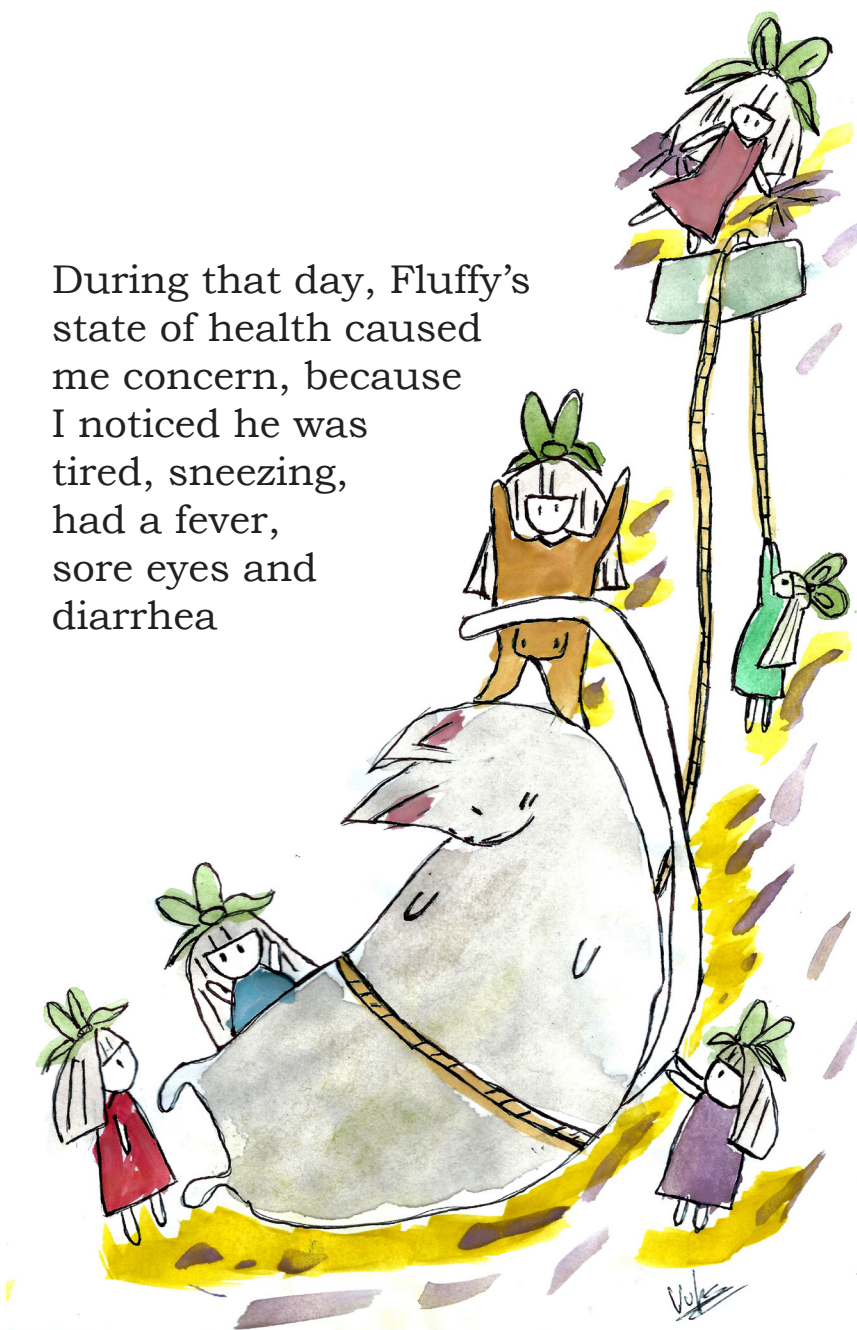
Fluffy is a homely kitten and hardly goes outside. But one afternoon, he disappeared from home and didn't come back for three days, because he followed a kitten —that's what my mom told me, because she saw them leave through the kitchen window—.

When he came back, I was very excited; I told him how I felt during his absence, I fed him, hugged him tight, put him to sleep and told him an adventure from Gulliver's Travels.

The next day, while we had breakfast, dad told us about a bad flu, coming from China and very contagious, both for humans and animals.



During that day, Fluffy's
state of health caused
me concern, because
I noticed he was
tired, sneezing,
had a fever,
sore eyes and
diarrhea





Suddenly, it was hard for him to breathe, so my parents and I took him to the Huellitas veterinarian.

-Based on the kitten's symptoms, it is very likely that he has feline pneumonia. We must hospitalize him immediately - the veterinarian told us.

A few days passed and Fluffy's state of health became more and more complicated. He had contracted a new virus that was damaging his lungs.

On a hospital stretcher, Fluffy was fighting between life and death.

“You can’t go in to see Fluffy, the virus is very contagious,” said the veterinarian.

I felt very sad about Fluffy’s health, but my father told me: “Don’t worry, daughter, Fluffy has more than seven lives and will heal very soon.” My mom also reassured me: «Don’t worry, my love. We will do everything in our power so that Fluffy is with us again.

[illegible]



On the way, as I looked out the car window, I thought about how a bad flu could make my Fluffy's health so serious. I was so scared that it wouldn't heal.

At night, the house phone rang. My dad answered, they told him that Fluffy had fallen asleep and would not return home with us.

It was the first night in which I experienced a strange pain in the heart. I couldn't understand why they wouldn't let me see my cat and tell him how much I loved him.

The next day, they gave us Fluffy's ashes in a little gray box. My parents and I scattered them among the flowers in the garden of the house—in the place where he always liked to play—.

With tears in my eyes, I recited a little poem:

I had a kitten
named Fluffy.
Great sadness left me,
he fell asleep and never woke up.

Suddenly, everything around me changed; I put aside my pain and began to think about other people's grief when they lose a loved one. I wished for a world without precariousness or disease, but this world is not like that and it is up to all of humanity to reduce these circumstances. It's up to you, my dear reader, and me.

How could I, if I'm just a little girl? Suddenly, the simple memory of my kitten, like an animal free from human obligations, allowed me to imagine a direction or future for my life by asking myself: what do I want? Who am I? What is the purpose of my life? What kind of world and circumstances do I find myself in? I did not give a quick answer to





these questions, I even admit to having an annoyance thinking so much, but I think that each question was important to ask, because I only have one life and one opportunity to live it.

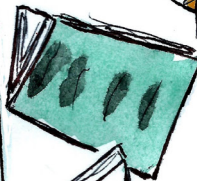
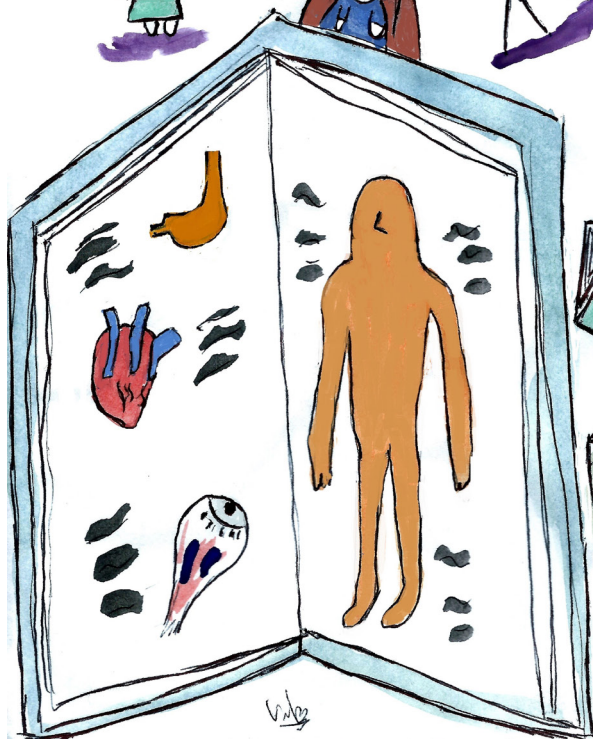
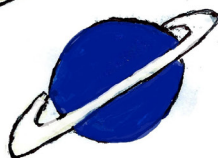
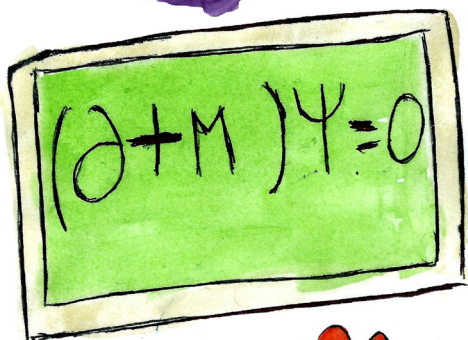
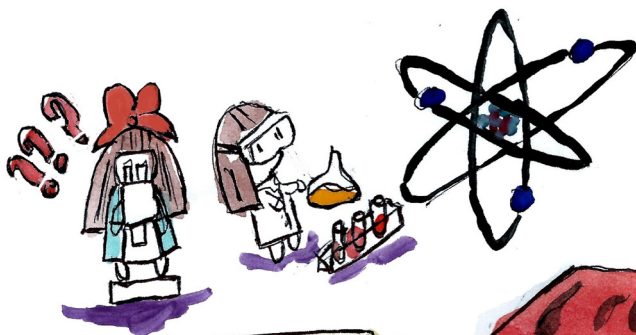
A week passed, I was still sad and thoughtful. My parents didn't say anything to me, and just hugged me. I appreciated having them and their support. I explained my doubts to them and they told me about those people with a profession focused on helping the health of people or animals: doctors, nurses, psychologists, veterinarians, etc. It made me happy to know of people who dedicate their lives to the lives of others.

The next day, I saw the photos of my kitten, I remembered our adventures together, and I smiled again, because thanks to him I already knew what I wanted and how to do it.

Although it hurts me that Fluffy is no longer with me, I swore to myself

that when I grew up I would be a doctor to care for and help. So, my gaze was fixed on the first tool of doctors: knowledge. And a new world opened up to me: science, because it supports the hopes of humanity to improve this world. Science studies and explains the behavior of everything that surrounds us; from the microbes that make us sick, to the stars and planets. There were many books for children my age that could introduce me to this new knowledge; books on the human body, animals, mathematics, astronomy, and many more.

I was fascinated discovering each new knowledge. I had as much fun as reading my adventure books, which I will never stop doing. With so much fun, I asked myself again about the goals for my future. I did not panic and decided to study future diseases that could leave us without friends, parents or kittens.



The
end

